
**THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.**

JANUARY, 1815.

**MEMOIR OF
MARIA-ANTOINETTA,
WIFE OF LOUIS XVI. KING OF FRANCE.**

MARIA-ANTOINETTA-JOSEPH-JANE of LORRAINE, Archduchess of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Francis, and the Empress Queen, Maria Theresa, was born at Vienna, on the 2nd of November, 1755, and was married in the year 1770 to Louis XVI. then Dauphin of France.

This amiable princess was destined by Maria Theresa to cement the alliance concluded between the two houses of Bourbon and Austria; an alliance by some deemed contrary to the interests of France as well as to those of the secondary powers of Europe. She had on this account soon in France, and over Europe in general, many enemies, secret, active, and vigilant, whom she had neither the address to manage, nor the force to repel. Guardian at Versailles of the interests of her family, to the prejudice of so many contrary interests of other nations, had she even been a model of perfection, she

would have found herself odious in France to the representations of those various governments.

Maria Antoinetta, from the time of her arrival in France to the death of Louis XV. became the idol of the people, who beheld in the young Archduchess, become Dauphiness, a contrast to the dissolute manners of the old King. The Dauphin and his consort, modest and exemplary, in an age addicted to frivolity and pleasure, and leading at court a life of retirement, became the hope of the nation. They beheld with delight the young Berry, accompanied by the Dauphiness, frequently absenting himself from court, walking in sequestered places, visiting the cottages of the poor, and exercising with emulation acts of beneficence and humanity, at a time when the insignificance and carelessness of the declining monarch were become proverbial in the nation. The attachment of the French to Maria Antoinetta still continued from the accession of her husband to the throne, till the birth of the first Dauphin. During this interval, the Queen avoids all interference in public affairs; and is only occupied in diversions and pleasures suitable to her age and station. But her behaviour undergoes a considerable change when the birth of the Dauphin and the death of M. de Maurepas give her the means of acquiring a new authority in France. She then resents the coolness shewn to her by the royal family and some of the nobility, and treats the French ceremonial with ridicule and contempt. The more state and authority she assumes, the more the aunts of the King, Monsieur, and her two sisters-in-law, contrive to oppose her, and procure her the hatred of the court. The clamours and complaints from Versailles and Bellevue are imported into the capital; where they are disseminated among all classes of people, who regard her in no other light than an Archduchess of Austria, an enemy of the French, arrived from Vienna to rule over their country. Her private life was maliciously attacked in

pamphlets; and the people began to ascribe to her the choice of obnoxious ministers, and the direction of such public affairs as had proved unsuccessful.

At the time of the first Assembly of the Notables, Louis the XVI. was petitioned to send back his consort to Vienna, as the last and only remedy to the evils which the violent and general disaffection portended to the state. At this period, Maria Antoinetta had in France one only friend, who remained faithful to her both before and during the revolution. The probity and constancy of this friend, who in a great measure sacrificed himself on her account, will have some weight with posterity in forming a judgement of her character; for this friend was intimately acquainted with her for the space of twenty years; and this person was her husband, Louis XVI.

The King had declared that he would never sacrifice Maria Antoinetta; and this princess promised she would share his fate to the last. Amid the successive catastrophes which marked the progress of the most infamous and sanguinary Revolution that ever stained the page of History, Maria Antoinetta attracts all the attention of humanity. In the circle of her party, she appears alone with firmness and magnanimity; and while we behold the Queen of France, the descendant of a long line of Cæsars, the daughter of the celebrated Maria Theresa, assailed and harassed with perpetual outrages, detained in the Thuilleries, in the *Loge du Logographe, in the Temple, and in the Conciergerie, in the nauseous dungeon destined for the punishment of assassins, without the smallest emotion of sympathy in her persecutors to mitigate her sufferings, humanity shudders at the scene. The poets had exalted her into a divinity on her arrival in France; in 1793, the jacobins transform her into a fury, a Messalina, a Frédégonde,

* See Dr. Moore's Journal during a Residence in France, Vol. I. p. 180.

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and this princess, after enduring with patience, and even magnanimity, the new species of insult which every epoch of the revolution superadded to the former, found at last upon the scaffold† (16th October, 1793), the destined termination of all her misfortunes and her woes. The sentence of death, which she heard with so much calmness and intrepidity, seemed to her the means, not only of deliverance from earthly misery, but the passport to a happy immortality.

On doit à leurs malheurs, à leurs vertus sublimes,
Des longs regrets, des honneurs immortels ;
Et dans les cœurs François, ces augustes victimes
Auront toujours un trône et des autels.

To griefs and virtues such as theirs we owe
Immortal honors and the deepest woe ;
These noble victims in each gallic breast
Shall find an altar and a throne of rest.

† "In the morning of the 16th of October, the Queen, being delivered over to the executioner, was placed with him in a cart. She had on a white undress: her hands were tied behind her back. In this state, she passed between two ranks of the revolutionary army, and thro' an innumerable crowd. She arrived at the place Louis XV. at eleven o'clock, and lowered her head to the fatal instrument!"—Hue.

The Power of Fortune.

The freshest flowers, the most verdant meadows, the most beautiful gardens, and the most cultivated fields, lose their various charms at the approach of night. The first dawn of the sun restores them to their former splendour. The most honourable birth, the most eminent merit, and the most useful virtues, strike not the eye, nor attract the attention of the world, till Fortune brings these qualities to light by her fostering rays, and every spectator is dazzled on a sudden with their effulgence.

THE GOSSIPER. No. I.

Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo et omnis in hoc sum.

HOR.

I now design to seek what's good and true,
And that alone.

CREECH.

At the commencement of a new year and a new Series, I may probably be expected to say something of myself and my intentions. And first I must begin by endeavouring to *rub off* any *scores* that may have been *chalked up to my account* for dullness and impertinence. With anxiety and trembling (arising, perhaps, somewhat from a consciousness of guilt,) I stand before my readers like a criminal before a judge. My conscience already whispers that it will *go hard* with me, unless I can produce some palliation for my offences; and *bring forward* respectable persons to *speak* to my character. What a case am I in then, who can plead no excuse for being dull but a weakness of intellect; and no extenuation for being impertinent but a lack of judgement. And what respectable persons can I call to speak to my character?—But my readers. I at first thought of compassing the matter by turning King's evidence, and impeaching Mr. Payne; but my apprehension that this step would be overruled by the court has induced me to give it up. I must now therefore throw myself upon the mercy of you, my fair Readers; and from your sentence must stand acquitted, or condemned.

Hoping for the most favourable interpretation of my former labors and intentions, it is incumbent upon me to give a *bill of fare* of the *entertainment* my readers are likely to meet with in future. I shall not, like some literary caterers for the public taste, promise delicacies which appear only in a prospectus. My

lucubrations, as formerly, will be directed to the manners and fashions of the day; and to whatever is calculated "to raise the genius, and to mend the heart." If my animadversions are made upon what is indecorous, vicious, or ridiculous, it will be my study to render them devoid of malevolence, or personality. It is not Xantippe, Messalina, or *Camilla, that I wish stigmatize; I would expose the treason, whilst I screened the traitor. In order that my writings may be as extensively useful as possible, I beg to solicit the suggestions and advice of correspondents. Their communications will always be received with satisfaction; and their hints, when practicable and consistent, obtain immediate attention. On behalf of the sentiments and principles inculcated in my writings, I shall say to each of my readers—

Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti: si non, his utere mecum.

HOR.

If you know better rules than these, be free,
Impart them; but if not, use these with me.

CREECH.

Now did I but possess the poetical talents of the Bellman, I should be tempted to invade his privilege to take my leave in rhyme; and in wishing "all my worthy mistresses" health, prosperity, and plenty of Christmas pies, would add, with the tuneful son of Apollo, "and let your honest Bellman have a bit." As I am not, however, gifted with powers like his to shine in verse, I must make my farewell in plain prose; which I do by wishing that, thro' the present year, those of my fair Readers advanced in life, may enjoy "health of body and content of mind;" to the married, I wish

* See Virg. *Æn.* l. XI. v. 781, &c.

all the happiness that state will afford to the virtuous and the wise; to the unmarried, I wish modesty and information that they may obtain good husbands, and know how to *keep them so* when they have acquired them. And, in conclusion, I shall beg leave to address all my Readers individually in the language of Juvenal—

Monstro quod ipse tibi possis dare; simita certe
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.
Nullum numen habes, si sit prudentia: sed te
Nos facimus, Fortuna, Deum, cæloque locamus.

The path to peace is virtue: what I show,
Thyself may freely on thyself bestow:
Fortune was never worshipp'd by the wise,
But, set aloft by fools, usurps the skies.

DRYDEN.

Bon Mot of Aristippus.

This philosopher was very fond of magnificent entertainments, and loved a court life. Dionysius, the tyrant, of Syracuse, asked him in a sarcastic manner the reason why philosophers were seen often at the gates of princes, but princes never at the doors of philosophers. "For the same reason," replied the philosopher, "that physicians are found at the doors of sick men, and not sick men at the doors of physicians."

THE CHILD OF THE BATTLE,
BY H. FINN.

LETTER I.

ULRIC COHENBERG TO ALBERT WALDSTIEN.

Vienna, —.

IF the conviction of my pure affection for you be not long since indelibly recorded in your heart by the hand of time, and witnessed by experience, futile would be the most solemn protestations, and fruitless the most strenuous endeavours, to commence the assurance of it now. I trust, therefore, that the certainty of its continuance, in all its primitive fervency, will be better suggested by your own feelings, than by any expression I can adduce. I anticipate your question respecting the necessity of the above remark, and hasten to reply to it; hoping that my advice will be favourably received, and that my judgement will have the same influence over the impetuosity of my young friend, that it has ever possessed. The reason why I premise this epistle with a doubt relative to your opinion of the sincerity and purity of my friendship, I will explain. You have recently acquired a restlessness and impatience that appear inimical to the restraint which friendship would impose on its object, when it beholds that object disposed to give a loose rein to the career of passion and folly. Your letters of late convey a meaning too palpable to be misunderstood, and tell me, that the remonstrances of an over-anxious esteem are becoming irksome; implying a careless indifference respecting their intention, or a belief of falsehood in the writer; else, why reject the counsel that would preserve your heart from the certain danger which ultimately must result from an uncontrouled

indulgence of your feelings? or, if you adopt the medicine which conveys health to the diseased mind, why tempt again the malignity of an infected sphere, by exposing yourself to its effect, and counteracting the wholesome consequences of a strict adherence to those rules by which the germ of evil is annihilated, or the growing form of vice checked and subdued? Can you admit the idea, that to enjoy happiness is to court novelty? Weak youth! it is a supposititious phantom, formed by optical agency, that communicates a transient pleasure to the fancy, but touches not the heart. The heart, believe me, requires more solid nutriment than that upon which the eye is fed. The monotonous *Campania* conveys the pleasing sensation of gratified curiosity but once; nor can the bold sweeping outline of the *Rhatian Alps* impress a mind unstable as yours with the satisfaction of a *first* view in an after prospect. In the wild distempered wanderings of your heated imagination, has it never crossed the sober path of reason? Never dwelt upon the melody of truth, whose lay informs the wanderer, that happiness exists at home? Never listened to the voice of memory, that oft rehearses to the straying breast affecting tales of native pleasures that are past, and blends her narrative with tears for absent friendship? Should you deny this, I grieve to reflect how far beneath the standard of your former self you must have declined. If you acknowledge it, the guilt will seem accumulated, as the heart which is alive to such pleasurable dictates is doubly criminal in not acting from them. You are losing your best energies among the perplexing intersections of superficial pleasures; your resolutions are broken by every new fortuitous plan that intrudes. Your susceptibility, I fear, is neither more nor less than an affected custom, with which your mind, from association, has become familiarized. Shame on you, Albert, to surrender your noble mind to the fetters of sickly conceit! That plea which urges man to relieve his fellow (independent of other innumerable motives), would alone in-

duce me to banish the ceremony of a flatterer, and exercise the severer functions of a genuine friend. I have assumed the censor so long, and frequently, that my custom of reprehension has taken a tone of authority, and now *commands* an observance that was only solicited before. It is the hope of perceiving your bosom welcome sincerity for its own sake, for the unlovely and rough garb in which it is clad, that impels me to apply a salutary caustic. If a thorn pierce the foot of my fellow way-farer, rather let his present maledictions fall upon me whilst I pluck it out at once, than his lingering curses whilst I seek a surgeon. I know your heart; there are many virtues in it; many noble traits; much to be commended, more to be beloved. Restrain, my young friend, your activity in adopting opinions, however consonant they may be with your own sentiments. Separate with calmness, and analyze with strict accuracy, every latent incitement, and pursue the possible progress of its effects, however distant, however intricate. Seek to discriminate, in the task of duty, between the sudden idea that prompts romantic munificence, and the slow sentiment of cautious justice. The former degenerates into the profusion of folly; the latter assumes the liberality of charity, to the world's observation, without its expence. The lapse of five years has so altered your former associate, Katherine, that you would find it difficult to recognize the little volatile girl in the beauty of the woman, glowing in maturity of elegance, grace, and virtue. Her recollection seems excessively tenacious in all that relates to my friend; and her frequent enquiries prove the strong impression your presence has made. Your father, the venerable Colonel, is in health. Your late brilliant affair has renewed his spirits, and he talks of little, save his Albert's bravery, the universal theme. I would praise you *justly*. Flattery is not the intention of

COHENBERG.

LETTER. II.

ALBERT TO ULRIC.

WHILST my heart endures the severity of your strictures, it acknowledges, with additional pain, the justness of them; and, with an earnest desire for the continuance of your correspondence, experiences a new anxiety and dread from the perusal. It is requisite that the soul which is susceptible of error should be made acquainted with its pernicious tendency, and compelled to accept the shield of fortitude from the hand of friendship, to combat the Hydra-headed monster vice. But yet I perceive nothing so superlatively culpable in my thoughts, or actions, as to provoke animadversion so unqualified. You dwell much, my dear friend, too much, upon those errors originating alone in the weak system of nature. I confess the passions have a predominant controul over my senses, that occasions, and doubtless will be productive of serious injury to myself; but the imputation of folly, which the consequences of such an usurpation often incurs, cannot attach to wilful, habitual, or accidental inclination to err; but is derived solely from an inherent propensity to submit implicitly to the resistless force of the mind's warmer temperature. Let the phlegmatic bosom of stoicism contemplate, in frigid calmness, the just variety of pleasures and regrets that Providence has mingled with life's beverage. I would not exchange the thrill of transport which accompanies a pleasurable idea, or the melancholy anguish that attends the one of sorrow, for sullen indifference, were the golden product of Peru offered as the equivalent. You will class this sentiment with the absurd and romantic; be it so; 'tis an absurdity of the heart, the romance of truth; as such, it must always claim a governing principle over my conduct. My dear friend, you are, believe me, the most unfit adviser in

the universe, to the sanguine mind of juvenile sensibility ; your mental perceptions are not endowed with that refinement of feeling which marks so decisively the distinguishing difference between the most minute sensations, and lends a consequence to every latent motion of the soul, which common and ordinary minds would overlook, or deem it of too little import to excite the trouble of analyzation. It is this capability of discovering traits in each other's nature, inaccessible to uninterested spectators, that forms the chief feature of friendship's true votaries : by congeniality we are taught to respect ; for every virtue we possess we must admire in another. True it is, that admiration is productive of a wish to *acquire* a similar portion of the sentiment we *bestow*, which generates an amalgamation of mind with mind, and virtue with virtue, until the spirit of emulation creates that refined purity of affection, constituting the consummation of real happiness, the certain result of mutual efforts to obtain the supremacy of goodness. You must not think these sentiments a presumptuous opposition of youthful self-elation to accurate experience, and more matured opinions, but the earnest endeavours of a faulty being, continually erring, or repenting his errors, to propitiate the judge he cannot elude, and soften the sentence he cannot evade. Weigh not, therefore, my offences in the scale of rigid justice. You will not ; you are my friend ; and friendship, while it inflicts a necessary wound upon the feelings, averts its face to hide the pitying tear, and administers an instant balsam. My gratitude for your advice, my affection for your virtue, and my admiration of your ability, is commensurate to your esteem for me, and by that criterion can best be estimated. You have said, " Flattery is not *your* intention ;" you will consequently give me the privilege of your own assertion. It is at best but a mean vice, and persons who do not *feel* the praise they *lavish*, too frequently confound the error of flattery with the just tribute paid by modesty to merit.

I could expatiate on the *virtues* of mankind for ever, did the narrow limits of language furnish words to give an adequate sense of ideas. How lamentably deficient is the word that is to convey an idea of the magnitude of mind, the force of friendship, or the emotions of gratitude. Never do I more acutely feel the truism, than when addressing Cohenberg. But I must cease to dwell upon the mild attributes of domestic peace, and commence the ruder task of delineating the harsh features of destructive warfare. I must begin a theme to which each other subject gives precedence here,—'tis *victory*! a name whose magic sound, though deafened by the shriek of dying nature, was surely the master-work of some inventive sybil, whose prophetic lips endowed it with a perpetual charm, to elevate the spirit of a lifeless form. Every vein swells with renewed vigour, and the heart's pulse beats with treble quickness. Although the brave, the politic, but ambitious *Frederic** was our antagonist (an enemy, you will exclaim, terrible in fight, fertile in expedients to turn the tide of battle when overwhelmed, and high on the records of fame); yet has the heroic *Dawn*,† by as masterly a manœuvre as ever graced the military annals of *Prussia*, become master of the field, after five hours severe fighting. Austria may triumph, and the village of ——— be inserted in the page of history with *Pharsalia*. The broken force of *Frederic* has retired, and some time must elapse before he can again take the field with an effective army. My promotion to the rank of Colonel is a reward much too munificent for the trifling service I have rendered my country and the generous *Theresa*.‡ I have obtained leave of absence, to express my personal gratitude to her Majesty. I have written to my father; therefore expect soon to behold

ALBERT.

* The Great Frederic.

† Marshal of Austria.

‡ Empress Queen of Austria.

LETTER III.

KATHERINE TO MADAM ROSENHIEM.

Vienna, —.

Have I offended you, my kind mother, that you neglect your Katherine by delaying to write? Your letters form my only solace; when absent from the gay crowd that fashion congregates, I enjoy and treasure the contents of each. Why am I to quit the instructive pleasure, to meet the return of fatigue and folly? My early habits, disposition, and feelings, accord not with the customs, temper, and sensations of fashionable females. I exist with impatience in a sphere where no congeniality of intellect has met my friendship or esteem. Cold ceremony, or intrusive familiarity, are the two extremes that constitute the manners in Vienna. Judge then how irksome to me, who have been accustomed to greet the unrestrained heart of still respectful affection with smiling welcome, how cheerless, to take the hand of apathy, proffered by indifference. I cannot lavish praises that are unmerited, nor disguise my features in the smile of cheerfulness, to receive society I disesteem; yet such, dear mother, are the sacrifices fashion makes to feeling. By expressing my dislike to the society of the capital, I do not mean to upbraid you for being instrumental to my visit. You were ever anxious to promote my happiness, and I can trace your conduct to that motive, in this particular. I am, as I hope I always *have* been, most grateful; but indeed your judgement slightly erred when it prompted the proposal. I would not oppose your request, because you have taught me obedience; the lesson has been acquired, retained, and cherished more perfectly, as inclination accompanied duty. You construed my silence into compliance, or rather wistfulness; whilst my lips were anxious to breathe a denial to your wish, but did not dare to utter even a remonstrance. How preferable

our simple cottage on the Danube's bank to the splendid palaces that adorn the metropolis. The stream *there* rolls smoothly and transparent; *here* 'tis impure, and turbulent; our little boat rode gently o'er its bosom there, innumerable ships crowd upon its surface here. Nature's various works transplanted here, preserve their form, but half their qualities seem lost; and the world of Art serves but to lend a richer tint to that of Nature by contrasting them. A thousand added beauties, to my mental view, enrich the latter, since I bade farewell to it; and as it faded from my sight in distance like a dear departed friend in death, I contemplated with regret the treble value of the treasure gone; and summed the many joys I might have tasted, when nearness rendered them unthought of, or unprized. You have frequently cautioned me against the folly, nay, criminal weakness of *affecting* an *excess* of *sentiment*. Observing it was too prevalent among the female population of *Germany*, some years must have elapsed since experience taught you to remark it; yet it prevails here to a greater extent than you gave me reason to believe. The ladies of Vienna have a system of ill health; and 'tis as necessary to have periodical faintings as stated times for breakfasting. A clouded atmosphere is the certain prelude to debility, as you will perceive from the following anecdote. One morning the Countess had commissioned a servant to inform her of the appearance of the sky, intending to regulate her health by the weather. On his return, he informed her the sky was overcast, and instantly she was reduced almost to a seeming state of insensibility; but a *friend* calling to request her company for a few hours, was informed, that the Countess's health would not permit her to tempt the air. But the clouds having dispersed since the servant's report, and her friend suspecting the cause of her malady, sent word to her of the favourable appearance the sky exhibited. The Countess, with light steps, and smiling countenance, hastened to her toilette, and afterwards accompanied her

friend! Oh! simplicity, and ever pleasing nature, how I miss thee along thy level lawns! amidst thy forest wilds, beneath the lighter foliage of the groves, and o'er thy rugged mountain's side, have I wandered, and sigh again to see, and bless the Maker of the World in his inimitable works. Vienna is now a scene of universal happiness, if dissipation, boisterous mirth, and noise, can be termed by that sacred name. All hearts seem gladdened by the late victory. Alas! not those who now are grieving for some dear, and fallen relative, or friend. *He is still living.* He has been honoured by his royal mistress; rewarded by his country; and is beloved by Katherine. In obedience to your command, I have not named him; but there was a time when the most endearing appellations were tolerated, nay approved. Why this interdiction? Whence your antipathy to him? You reprove me when I wish to be eloquent in his behalf; you tell me, the world allows not certain truths to pass a female lip, without its severest censure; that to say "*I love*" is inconsistent with feminine modesty and propriety. These were not your sentiments, nor expressions, until lately. What has changed them? You *used* to tell me that truth should be uttered, even if circumstances forbid it; but when no impediment prevents it, no injury can accrue either to myself, or others, by the confession, why restrain me from an acknowledgement of it to yourself? I did not think the companion of my earlier days, the partaker of my childish sports, my youthful friend, who anticipated my wishes, and executed my designs ere hinted, would one day become the object of my mother's disapprobation; and that Katherine should be told to assume false delicacy towards her, and hide, or suppress, the affection she feels for —. Yet I feel, and fear I must endeavour to forget; the task is arduous; but 'tis a mother asks, and what would I not sacrifice to duty. I may be in error, but the Countess of Glenfield appears too deeply versed in worldly manners, to feel the open honesty of true friendship; the levity of her disposition,

the frivolity of her conversation, and dress in public, are totally different from the serious, thinking, and apparently contented being, her private manners indicate. I would, but dare not impart the emotions of my heart. A repelling, constrained behaviour, a forced condescension in her features, betray a mind unfit for confidence; you will say "I am deficient in charity to suspect my patroness;" but habit and your example have so long been my guides, that if an opinion is to be expressed, I can never *disguise* it. Recall me, dear mother, as soon as possible; I am weary, until you feel the kiss of your

KATHERINE.

(*To be continued.*)

Anecdote of M. Le Brun, the celebrated painter.

Le Brun used to say frequently, that he formed his studies from objects which he occasionally met with. A friend once observed him standing at the corner of a street, fixed in deep attention on the quarrel of two drunken men, who had just left a neighbouring public house. The wives and children of each party soon joined them, and espoused the interests of their respective relations. He noted the fury of the combatants; the various changes produced in their countenances by passion; and the different attitudes by which they expressed their rage, or their concern; the gradual decrease of animosity, and the calm that preceded and terminated the conflict. He confessed to his friend that no antient models whatever could produce such strong effects on the mind and fancy as these lively representations of real nature.

LITERARY HOURS. No. I.

"Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis

"Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ."

HOR.

*On the RISE and PROGRESS of DRAMATIC POETRY
and REPRESENTATION in ENGLAND.*

"The *apt use* of a Theatre is the most agreeable and easy method of making a polite and moral gentry; and would end in rendering the rest of the people regular in their behaviour, and ambitious of laudable undertakings."

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

To aim at originality in treating of a subject like the present, would be both impossible and absurd. Emulating, therefore, the labors of the industrious bee, we shall endeavour to cull from more elaborate and voluminous writers such information as will be most suitable to our purpose. It may perhaps by some be expected that we should preface our researches with a dissertation on the antient Grecian and Roman stage; and descant upon the moral and instructive tendency of the Drama in general. We must, however, state in apology (if such be requisite) that however amusing such a proœmium would be in itself, we do not consider it by any means relevant to our present undertaking.

The earliest dramatic entertainments exhibited in England, were of a religious nature. So early as the beginning of the 12th century, it was customary on holy festivals to represent in, or near, the churches, either the lives and miracles of saints, or the more mysterious parts of holy writ; such as the incarnation, passion, and resurrection, of Christ. These scriptural plays were denominated *Miracles*, or *Mysteries*. At what period they were first

exhibited, it is impossible to ascertain; but they were certainly of very great antiquity. In the year 1110 (as Dr. Percy and Mr. Wharton inform us) the miracle-play of *St. Catherine*, written by Geoffrey (a learned Norman), was acted, probably by his scholars, in the Abbey of Dunstable; perhaps the first spectacle of this kind exhibited in England. William Fitz-Stephen (a monk of Canterbury), who, according to the best accounts, composed his very curious work in 1174, mentions that "London for its theatrical exhibitions has religious plays, either the representations of miracles wrought by holy confessors, or the sufferings of martyrs."

About the eighth century, trade being carried on chiefly by means of fairs, which lasted several days, the merchants, who frequented these fairs in numerous caravans, or companies, employed every art to draw the people together; they were, therefore, accompanied by jugglers, minstrels, and buffoons; who were no less interested in giving their attendance, and exerting all their skill on these occasions. As now but few large towns existed, no public spectacles, or popular amusements, were established; and as the sedentary pleasures of domestic life and private society were yet unknown, the fair-time was the season of diversion. In proportion as these shews were attended and encouraged, they began to be set off with new decorations and improvements; and the arts of buffoonery being rendered still more attractive, by extending their circle of exhibition, acquired an importance in the eyes of the people. By degrees, the clergy, observing that the entertainments of dancing, music, and mimicry, exhibited at these protracted annual celebrities, made the people less religious, by promoting idleness and a love of festivity, proscribed these sports, and excommunicated the performers. But finding no regard was paid to their censures, they changed their plan, and determined to take these recreations into their own hands. They turned actors; and,

instead of profane mummeries, presented stories taken from legends, or the bible.

As learning increased, and became more widely diffused, from the monasteries the practice migrated to Schools and Universities. And in 1409, we learn that the Parish Clerks of London acted at Clerkenwell, for eight days successively, a play which "was matter from the creation of the world."

As the *Mysteries*, or *Miracle-plays*, often required the introduction of allegorical characters, such as Death, Sin, &c. at length plays were formed entirely consisting of such personifications. These were called *Moralities*; and indicated dawns of the dramatic art.

As it is uncertain at what period of time the ancient *Mysteries* ceased to be represented as an ordinary spectacle for the amusement of the people, and *Moralities* were substituted in their room, it is equally difficult to ascertain the precise time when the latter gave way to a more legitimate theatrical exhibition. We know that *Moralities* were exhibited *occasionally* during the whole of the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and even in that of her successor, long after regular dramas had been represented on the scene; but it is probable, about the year 1570 (13th Eliz.), this species of drama began to lose much of its attraction; and gave way to something that had more the appearance of comedy and tragedy.

At length (about the year 1591), Shakspeare appeared; and produced those plays which have now for more than two hundred years been the boast and admiration of his countrymen. Our next number will be devoted to the consideration of the works of our immortal Bard.

It has already been mentioned, that originally plays were performed in churches. Early, however, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, the established players of London begun to act in temporary theatres in the yards of Inns; and about 1570, one or two regular playhouses were erected.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FEMALE TOURISTS;

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS;

From a French Lady, during a Summer's Tour in England.

LETTER I.

TO MADAME LA MARQUISE DE HAUTVILLE.

A Paris.

I understand, my dear Marquise, that our girls have agreed to correspond; and that my Isabel takes upon herself to furnish you with historical and descriptive sketches of every place we visit in the course of our tour, which she thinks worthy your notice, when you travel this way. That you may not, however, be entirely guided by her report, I think it necessary to observe, that whenever you meet with any enthusiastic description of objects which afforded her particular pleasure, you must make due allowance for the charm of novelty operating upon a youthful, and perhaps romantic mind; while on the other hand, when her account of persons or things may chance to be less favourable than you might expect, equal allowance must be made for the force of prejudice. Having thus prepared the way for my Juvenile Tourist, I will resign my pen to Isabel, who, I trust, will acquit herself of the important task she has undertaken to your satisfaction; and prove a more entertaining correspondent than your very idle, though very affectionate Friend,

CLARENTINE B——.

P. S. I shall make an effort to overcome my habitual indolence, when any domestic event occurs likely to interest you.

LETTER II.

ISABEL TO HENRIETTA.

Dieppe, June 20th.

The wind is fair, the weather delightfully serene, and we are just on the point of embarking for England; how anxiously my wishes have been directed to that favoured shore, I need not tell you. Six months since, how little chance was there of my wish being so speedily gratified; and even now, when I can see the vessel from my window preparing to get under weigh, our luggage on board, and every thing in perfect readiness, I feel a thousand apprehensions, lest some unforeseen obstacle should arise to frustrate my hopes. My brother laughs at what he considers my childish eagerness; and wonders that I can so readily quit old friends for new faces. Ah! he little thinks that a motive as powerful impels me to wish myself in England as that which binds his inclinations to Paris. I find you have not betrayed me, Henrietta; and to reward your fidelity, I will do all in my power to set your mind at ease, by assuring you, from time to time, of your Albert's indifference to the English beauties; not but that he will, without doubt, do the same himself; yet as men sometimes play false, my assertions will probably make assurance doubly sure. The sight of the ocean intimidates my mother; and I really think that but for her unwillingness to disappoint me, she would not even now undertake this short voyage.

We are summoned to go on board. Adieu! my dear friend, you shall soon hear again from your ever affectionate

ISABEL B——.

LETTER III.

Brighton, June 24th.

This is a charming spot, my dear Henrietta; I could scarcely have imagined that a voyage of a few hours would have brought me to a place so very different from that at which we embarked; but I am told, that I must not expect to see many such towns as Brighton: though originally an obscure village, inhabited chiefly by fishermen, it has been, within these twenty years, so enlarged and beautified as to become a place of fashionable resort; and, in point of elegance and accommodation, may vie with any watering place in England. But before I enter upon a more accurate description of the town, I must say a few words about ourselves. We landed amidst a crowd of fishermen, idle boys, and robust women, in coarse blue cloth dresses, who eagerly surrounded us; and almost forcibly pressed large printed cards into our hands; which I was too much flurried to look at; as I own their manners appeared so strange and uncouth as almost to alarm me; but I have since learnt, that these women belong to rival bathing machines; and were only pressing forward in the hope of securing a preference. A crowd of well dressed persons were assembled on the beach to witness the arrival of the packet; some regarded us, as I thought, with complacency; others with a sort of sneering curiosity; and we made our way through them, as well as we could, to the principal inn; which is called the Castle. Here I was astonished at the elegance and order observable throughout the whole establishment; and am not surprised that English travellers express so much dissatisfaction in our country; every thing is here served up in a style far superior to what can be obtained in most private houses, that it is not surprising gentlemen should frequently prefer dining at taverns who do not keep up a

large establishment at home ; and many, I am informed, have dinners, or suppers, dressed at these houses to serve up at their own tables when they have company. Our mode of cookery prevails here ; but, in my opinion, they even surpass us in the art, though, I dare say, certain epicures would ridicule this observation, if they heard it.

Mr. H. kindly fulfilled his promise of meeting us at this place ; he brought with him his two daughters ; genteel, unaffected girls : they appear very affable ; and anxious to pay us every attention ; they speak tolerable French ; but with such extreme diffidence, that my mother requested them not to put any constraint upon themselves, as we understood their language sufficiently to enjoy their conversation, although we could not express ourselves with the facility she could wish. As Mr. H. proposed remaining a few days at Brighton, in consequence of the festivities going on in celebration of the peace, I shall forward you an account of all that is going on. We are now going on the public walk which is called the Steyne ; and then to take a survey of the town in continuation.

I am just returned quite pleased with my ramble ; the houses here have a most neat and beautiful appearance ; they are mostly built in regular rows, with projecting windows ; the brick work is covered with black varnish, which, by sun-shine, or moonlight, appears of various hues ; and has a most pleasing effect ; the windows are in general ornamented with virandas, filled with fragrant shrubs ; the inferior houses are also built with great regularity, and are composed of round smooth stones called bowlers, the sides and spaces round the windows are of brick-work, coloured, and neatly pointed ; the doors and window-frames painted green, which has a very pretty appearance, and has the advantage of always looking clean ; the streets are paved with red bricks, kept in a state of extreme neatness and good order ; the shops are very handsome ; and stocked with a variety of

beautiful toys, manufactured at Tunbridge in Kent; they have also an assortment of fancy articles, the work of some of our ingenious *emigrés*. I have as yet seen only the exterior of the Prince Regent's summer residence, which is simply neat and pretty; but without any pretensions to magnificence. I understand the apartments are furnished in the first style of taste and elegance. During our walk, I observed several parties riding about upon asses; donkies they call them here: I must confess, that I think ladies so mounted display more humility than grace; and their appearance altogether has in it too much of the ludicrous to please me: they have also little carriages, drawn by the same animals, which are very safe and easy for invalids. We looked into the three libraries in the evening; they were crowded with company, dressed as in a theatre. The new Steine Library is fitted up in a very elegant manner; and has a fine organ, a harp, and piano; upon which they perform several popular pieces every evening; to-morrow there is to be a dinner given to the poor, at the expence of the housekeepers, in the open fields; and in the evening a ball for the nobility and gentry; both of which I will describe to you when I next write.

Ever, your's, truly,

ISABEL B——.

LETTER IV.

ISABEL TO HENRIETTA.

Lewes, June 26th.

The jubilee dinner was put off untill the Prince Regent's birth-day. Mr. H. therefore requested us to pass the intermediate time at his house, as the races will be in the course of next month; and the assizes immediately after; there is also to be a public dinner in

commemoration of the peace, with other amusements, which, he thinks, we shall derive pleasure from; we accordingly accepted his invitation, and I date my letter from his house. The distance from this place to Brighton is only eight miles; so that I shall have frequent opportunities of revisiting it, and will endeavour to collect so much of its history as will enable me to give you all the satisfaction you require. The residence of Mr. H. is spacious; and well formed: he has a very fine garden, and a small farm; at the distance of two or three miles from which, he is furnished with the luxuries as well as necessaries in daily request. Upon our arrival, we were introduced to his two sons: they appear to be sensible, well behaved young men; of their persons, I cannot say much; for they are either very plain, or appear to great disadvantage by the side of our dear Albert. The family, though people of the first consequence here, live in a very moderate and regular way; and the young people dress much plainer than most of the middling tradesmen's daughters in the place; indeed I have already observed that the gentry in England do not run so greatly into extremes as they do with us; and, instead of setting the fashion here, as Miss H. assures me I shall, I will lay aside my finery, and adopt their mode of dressing, which is far more natural and becoming. Perhaps you may think I purpose doing this in the hope of rendering myself more agreeable in the eyes of a certain English gentleman, in case I should chance to meet with him; as he always spoke in favour of the neatness and propriety observable in the dress of his countrywomen; particularly those who had too much good sense to adopt foreign modes, which, he asserted, disfigures, instead of adorning them. "Unless," said he, "they could acquire that unembarrassed air, that graceful flexibility of motion, that animation and vivacity which distinguishes a well-bred Frenchwoman, their adoption of a fantastical habit

is both injudicious and absurd. What is natural in you is affectation in them. My mother, you may recollect, asked him whether he meant to compliment the women of our country at the expence of the English ladies; to which he replied, I do not intend, Madam, to compliment either exclusively. My fair countrywomen have charms and graces peculiarly their own; and even where these may chance to be deficient, their domestic virtues form an ample equivalent." Perhaps this observation has escaped your memory; but it was treasured in mine; and, by seeming an accidental one, gave me a more perfect idea of his character than I should otherwise have had an opportunity of forming; though, at the same time, I felt it afforded little encouragement to my hopes; yet surely he was not trifling with my feelings when he paid me such marked attention as drew the observation of every one. I must have been strangely deceived in him, if he is the worthless character such conduct would evince; still his whole behaviour towards me is a mystery which time alone can, but never may, develope. My mother believes the impression was transient on both sides; for the world, I would not undeceive her; still less would I wish our impetuous Albert to know any thing of what occurred during his absence. Should Captain Hamilton be in England, unpleasant consequences might ensue. At any rate, my secret is safe, while you are single; my interest will keep you silent now; your own then. I am interrupted. Adieu! till after dinner.

(To be continued.)

FORTUNE.

It is more difficult to make a thing from no beginning than to make great additions to it. How much more glory and power are manifested in making the fortune of a person who rises from nothing, than to set another on the top of a wheel whom we find has already put himself in motion.

*On the Evils which arise from an Association with Persons
in an Elevated Sphere of Life.*

MR. EDITOR,

As it is no uncommon circumstance for the fathers of different families to avow their intention of sending their sons to a public seminary, in the hope of their forming connexions which may be the means of promoting their interest, or increasing their fortunes, I am of opinion that the same motive influenced my mother-in-law's ideas, when she determined to place me at one of the most fashionable boarding schools near London.

My poor father, Sir, possessed one of those easy tempers which are induced to give up their own opinions for domestic quiet; and though, on a questionable point, he supported his opposing arguments with the most convincing reasons, my mother-in-law, as was customary, became the conqueror. Though Camden House and a curate's daughter were, perhaps, as injudicious an association as the mind of female could possibly have formed, yet as the head teacher of that celebrated school happened to be a relation, I was, through her influence with the superior, admitted upon moderate terms; and as my mother's cousin was a great favorite with the masters, they kindly instructed me without fee, or reward.

Previous to my departure from the rectory in which my father resided, I received a complete code of maternal admonitions; selected, I have since thought, from a work at that time in high estimation, written by a celebrated nobleman.* The unsophisticated precepts, however, which flowed from the lips of my excellent father, for a length of time prevented my mother's instructions from making a deep impression; but as it was my interest to obtain the good opinion of the elevated and affluent, I imperceptibly began to follow her admonitions.

Amongst the number of my school-fellows to whom I

* Lord Chesterfield.

was servilely condescending, was a young Lady whom I shall designate by the title of Lady Lucy Frampton; and as, through my father's kind instructions, I was well grounded in the grammar of the French language, I was permitted to have the honor of correcting her lessons. Aware that I must depend upon my own acquirements for the comforts of existence, I was indefatigable in my exertions; and soon enjoyed the gratification of being serviceable to my dignified associate in the various branches of education. In the science of music, however, she was compelled to make some exertion; yet, in playing duets with her, I contrived to conceal her defects by introducing some graces of my own; in consequence of which, whenever the Earl and Countess paid a visit, I was summoned into the room.

As Lady Lucy was an only child, indulgence was carried to a failing; in fact, her wishes were as much attended to as the most rigid laws; and as she expressed a desire of my passing the vacations at the castle, an invitation to that effect was issued in form. Against the acceptance of this invitation, my father in vain remonstrated; for, as was customary, his opinions were over-ruled; an expensive addition was made to my wardrobe, which my too complying father could ill afford. In vain had he represented the ambitious ideas which might engender in my youthful imagination by an association with persons in such an elevated situation; for my mother protested, she felt a presentiment that I was born to be dignified with a title. Too easily, Mr. Editor, did I imbibe my mother-in-law's opinions; and never to be forgotten are the exulting sensations I experienced when I entered Lord Frampton's coach: through every village which it passed, my head was thrust out of the window, in the hope of being recognized in such an enviable situation: Numerous, however, were the degradations I was compelled to submit to upon my arrival at the castle, not only from Lady Lucy, but her equally illustrious

companions; each of whom appeared to consider the daughter of a curate as a proper subject to pass their jokes upon. As I was aware, that to have resented these insults would have been to excite her Ladyship's indignation, I was compelled to submit in silence; but if extreme agitation was the consequence, I was invariably reconciled by a present. That independence of mind which dignifies human nature, and reconciles it to an humble situation, was completely obliterated by this unequal association. This, however, was not the greatest evil which arose from it; for it imperceptibly weakened the tender sympathies of natural affection; for I not only became totally indifferent to my excellent father, but proud and overbearing to all my acquaintance; all of whom, I doubted not, envied my exalted situation. By a mixture of usefulness and condescension, I had rendered myself so essential to Lady Lucy's happiness that she became miserable from the loss of my society upon quitting school; a letter was accordingly soon afterwards dispatched to the rectory, containing proposals for my becoming her Ladyship's companion. Though my mother's prophetic spirit had long foreseen that this high dignity awaited me, yet how to accept it, without incurring the resentment of the head teacher, was not so easily resolved upon; who had exerted her influence with the superior to admit me into the establishment for a mere trifle, under the idea that I should be able to assist her in the management of the school. The most experienced general, however, never displayed greater skill in the art of manœuvring than my mother-in-law; and by representing the advantages they both might reap from my being received upon a footing of intimacy in an Earl's family, the injudicious measure was adopted without opposition, but from my father; who in vain represented the servility of conduct which is generally expected from an humble companion, or the baneful effects which a life of idleness might produce upon the mind of a portionless young woman.

Behold me then, Mr. Editor, established in his Lordship's family as Lady Lucy Frampton's companion; but how shall I find words to convey a just idea of the degradations I was forced to submit to in that situation; for the overbearing caprices of the young lady, I was frequently compensated by some valuable present; but the insolence with which I was treated by the upper servants was actually intolerable. Instead of these circumstances lessening that pride which was so frequently humbled, I grieve to acknowledge, that I daily became more arrogant; and as I had a tolerable face, and a good person, I had vanity enough to believe I should captivate some man of fortune. The chaplain, who certainly was one of the most amiable of human beings, whenever any rudeness was offered, seemed to commiserate my situation; and as pity has been termed the inspirer of affection, upon a living unexpectedly falling to him, made the most honourable proposals. Idiot that I was, instead of evincing gratitude for this preference, fortune and titles floated in my imagination, and I weakly rejected an offer which would have been the means of insuring competence.

Years passed away without any solid enjoyment; at length, the Earl and Countess paid the debt of nature; and as the title and estate devolved to a distant relation, Lady Lucy was compelled to quit the abode of her ancestors. Though, in the early part of life, her Ladyship had received several proposals, yet she remained unmarried, until she had entered into her thirty-third year; when, unfortunately for her, she accidentally became acquainted with a gentleman who might not inaptly be termed an Adventurer. As fortune, not affection, was the magnet which attracted this Adonis (for he was remarkably handsome), this union was attended with those domestic altercations which, in such cases, are too frequent: his temper was at once overbearing and penurious; and he soon began to consider my board as

an unnecessary expence; and at length unceremoniously informed me, that his lady no longer required my presence. The fairy visions of grandeur which had floated in my poor mother-in-law's imagination, all vanished long before her death; and she sincerely lamented her own folly in not having brought me up in some line of usefulness. I have for the last three months, Mr. Editor, been the inhabitant of one solitary apartment; and compelled to take in needle-work for my daily bread; forsaken by those who knew me in my prosperity; and unpitied by those whom I then treated with insolence. As your publication, sir, embraces two objects; and administers instruction as well as entertainment, I indulge the hope that an account of my misfortunes may act as a beacon to the unportioned part of my sex; and if this desirable end should be accomplished, it will afford some consolation to

Your afflicted, humble servant,

AN HUMBLE COMPANION.

THE ADVERTISEMENT;

A TALE.

"LET us have our tea, my dear," said Mrs. Ainslie to her daughter, after having repeatedly looked at her watch; "it is eight o'clock." "Surely, Mamma, you must be wrong; your watch always gains; Frederick is so punctual in general, that he never keeps us waiting." Louisa still loitered; for she still hoped that Frederick would appear; she tasted her tea, declared it was too hot, put down her cup, and walked to the window. "Do sit down, child," said Mrs. Ainslie; "you know I like to have

my tea in comfort; you should recollect that Frederick has had a long voyage; he may be too much fatigued to come here this evening; or, perhaps, some business in London may detain him."

In that case, Mamma, I am sure he would have written; and of all evenings, I think this is one on which he should not have appeared so negligent; so—so—indifferent." The eyes of Louisa filled with tears, and her voice faltered as she spoke. "Why indeed," replied Mrs. Ainslie, "it wears rather an unpromising appearance just now; but men are strange creatures, Louisa; remove their doubts, and you frequently get rid of their assiduities. Indeed I have often feared that your artless, unguarded display of attachment would some time or other expose you to this sort of neglect." Louisa sighed; for the first time in her life, she thought her mother unjust; yet the present appearance of things certainly authorized the remark. The evening passed away; Frederick came not; and Louisa retired to her chamber full of grief, apprehension, and resentment.

Mrs. Ainslie was the widow of an officer who lost his life in the service of his country, before he had attained a rank that might have enabled him to provide for his family; who consequently had no other means of subsistence than the pension allowed by government: finding this insufficient to maintain them in the metropolis, Mrs. Ainslie removed with her daughter to a pleasant village about six miles from town; where they endeavoured to increase their little income by establishing a genteel day-school. Mrs. Ainslie, who had been reared in affluence and elegance, felt a slight degree of mortification when she first found herself under the necessity of submitting to this expedient; which she could not but consider a degradation; yet finding herself treated with respect and consideration in the village; and being particularly distinguished by the notice of some very respectable families in the vicinity, she soon became reconciled to the occu-

pation. Among her most intimate friends were the worthy rector and his wife, with whom resided a young gentleman, of most interesting appearance and agreeable manners. Frederick Harrowby was, by the provident care of his father, a respectable merchant, left in possession of a genteel independency; ill health, the consequence of an unfortunate attachment, had occasioned him to retire for a time from the bustle and fatigues of a town life: he had been bred to the profession of the law; but not entirely approving the choice his father had made for him, he remained undecided what course to pursue, when chance introduced him to the acquaintance of Mrs. Ainslie and her daughter. To one whose early hopes had been blasted by the perfidy of a town coquette, the innocent simplicity of a character such as Louisa's could not fail to afford a pleasing contrast; he saw her beautiful, without vanity; accomplished, without affectation; affectionate, without disguise; for Louisa had never loved until she knew Frederick, nor, until she saw him, had ever beheld one whom she imagined it would be possible for her to love. Frederick, with noble ingenuousness, declared his attachment; and at the same time explained circumstantially how he was situated; his present income was adequate to his expenditure; for he was addicted to no expensive habits; but he was well aware, it must be insufficient for the maintenance of a family with any degree of comfort, without the aid of some professional pursuit. This candid statement was perfectly satisfactory to Mrs. Ainslie; and she hesitated not to sanction the attachment of the amiable pair; but as Louisa was still very young, she deemed it most prudent to delay their marriage, until such time as Frederick should determine on some pursuit likely to secure his future advancement in life.

It happened just at this time, that an aged relative, who resided at Lisbon, died, and bequeathed the whole of her fortune, which was immense, to Frederick; a bequest as unexpected as welcome; he flew with rapture to inform

Mrs. Ainslie of the fortunate event, reiterated his vows to the delighted Louisa, and obtained an assurance from her mother that their union should take place immediately on his return from Lisbon; whither it was necessary he should immediately repair to take possession of his inheritance; and arrange the affairs of the deceased.

The period of his absence seemed tedious to Louisa, although he failed not to write by every packet; yet she fancied that his letters were at times written with haste and apparent coldness, which almost led her to fear that his sudden accession of fortune had taught him to consider her no longer an eligible object; then again she would reproach herself for an idea so injurious to him who was, in her opinion, incapable of harbouring a mean, or unworthy sentiment. At length, the welcome letter arrived, which informed her of his safe arrival in London; with the pleasing information that he would certainly be at H—— on the following day. All the fears and anxieties of Louisa seemed now happily ended; her face was once more dressed in smiles; and her agitation was so great that she could scarcely attend to the business of the day. Knowing the hours in which she was necessarily engaged, she did not expect that Frederick, however anxious to see her, would visit them before evening; but as he usually made one at their social tea-table, she had not the smallest doubt of his appearing at the accustomed hour; and her disappointment was the more acute, in proportion to the eagerness of her expectation.

The morning found Louisa pale, harrassed, and a prey to the most alarming apprehensions; which were soon augmented by the arrival of a messenger from the rectory. Louisa flew down stairs breathless with haste to interrogate him. "Is Mr. Harrowby returned?" "Yes, Miss, he came home yesterday." "Is it possible? At what hour?" "At seven in the morning, Miss; you must have heard the *post-chay* rattle through our village."

" I did ; I did. Is he ill then ? " " Not ill, Miss, as I know of ; but he seems in a strange humour ; for he shuts himself up in his room, and speaks to nobody." " Have you a letter for me ? " " No, Miss ; I have one for your Mamma." Louisa trembled so that she could scarcely stand : at that moment Mrs. Ainslie appeared ; she beheld with dismay the situation of her child ; and taking the offered letter from the man, hastily tore it open :—it contained these words—

" I wish to see you, Madam, as soon as possible ; I have that to relate which will both afflict and surprise you ; but my communication must be made to you alone ; I cannot come to your house. Louisa, I must see no more.

FREDERICK HARROWBY."

Almost as pale and agitated as her daughter, Mrs. Ainslie dismissed the man ; and leading Louisa to a chair, threw her arms around her, and burst into tears. " Prepare yourself, my beloved girl," she sobbed, " for a terrible blow ; a blow inflicted by the hand of an erring parent. Yes ; I well know to what Frederick alludes ;—I—I am the fatal cause of misery to my child." " What do you mean, Mamma ? What are the contents of that dreadful letter ? " Mrs. Ainslie put it into her hands ; and she perused it in speechless agony. " Now listen to me," resumed Mrs. Ainslie ; " and I will make you acquainted with some family anecdotes of which you have hitherto been ignorant."

" I have already informed you, that my father was an opulent merchant in the city of Lisbon. I was an only child ; and reared with the fondest indulgence ; the attractions of a young English Officer, however, drew me from my duty ; I was young and indiscreet ; and he being a heretic was no crime in my eyes, although it was one of the first magnitude in those of my father ; he peremptorily forbade our union ; and I imprudently

eloped with my lover. Inexperienced as I was, I had no idea that fortune could have any influence on the mind of a man who, to my partial eyes, appeared endowed with every amiable and endearing quality; but, alas! like many other credulous, infatuated girls, I discovered my error when too late: I will not wound your feelings, my dear child, by revealing what I was doomed to suffer from the unkindness of your father, when he found himself disappointed in his expectations of the fortune he believed my father must leave me at his death, even should he persist in withholding it from me during his life-time. You were too young to know any thing of what occurred then; I must therefore inform you, that my husband, not satisfied with wounding my feelings by the most flagrant misconduct, succeeded also in wounding my reputation; he was base enough to take advantage of my being exposed to the licentious freedoms of those dissipated officers with whom he associated; and accuse me of a crime at which my soul must ever have revolted: the consequence was a separation; he could not complete his purpose of obtaining grounds for a divorce, but my character suffered by his unmerited accusations; and to conceal my disgrace and misery, I found it most expedient to change my name." Louisa shuddered with horror as her mother related a tale so replete with infamy. "It is probably," resumed Mrs. Ainslie, "owing to some reports to my disadvantage having reached his ear that Frederick has come to the determination of breaking off the connexion."

"But if he can condemn you, my dear mother, upon such slight grounds as a mere rumour, I shall deem him unworthy of a sigh." Mrs. Ainslie embraced her daughter affectionately. "The observation does credit to your filial piety, my child; but still I do not blame Frederick; in the important choice of a wife, a man of pure principles can scarcely be too circumspect; and although it is hard for a child to be implicated in, or suffer for, the

errors, or misfortunes, of a parent, the world attaches so much importance to circumstances of this kind, that Frederick stands exculpated in my opinion; I shall, however, see him; and, if possible, convince him by a simple relation of facts."

"And how did my grandfather dispose of his property at last?" asked Louisa. "To a person who had for several years been employed by him in the counting-house, I believe, he bequeathed the bulk of his property; he also left a handsome sum to a sister of the same person who lived in the house, and superintended his domestic affairs, after I so imprudently left him; it was an indiscretion I have paid dearly for; and it is not the least part of my punishment to find that you, my dear Louisa, are doomed to be a sufferer as well as myself."

(To be concluded in our next.)

ENVY.

If ev'ry one's internal care
 Were written on his brow,
 How many would our pity share
 Who raise our Envy now;
 The fatal secret when reveal'd
 Of ev'ry aching breast,
 Would prove that only while conceal'd
 Their lot appear'd the best.

METASTASIO.

THE general standard by which mankind form their judgement, and estimate either the prosperous or adverse situation of their neighbours, is by external appearances. No criterion, however, is more fallacious. The sun frequently beams with most glittering lustre, while dark

clouds are gathering behind its rays, and a suspended shower unexpectedly descends. If we possessed the faculty of discriminating between appearance and reality, we should not be disposed for a moment to indulge envy in our bosoms. In contemplating any character, we generally apply some inference to ourselves, which either promotes discontent, nurses vanity, or renders us happy in our station; but too often discontent is suffered to predominate, and blight our privileges; we magnify inconveniences until they assume the aspect of misfortunes; and observe, thro' a jaundiced perspective, the possessions of others. Envy is in itself so depraved a passion, that it is seldom awakened by intrinsic merit, but the gloss of a tinsel exterior is the magnet that draws forth its malignant spirit into action. The ruddy milkmaid, who is obliged to traverse her accustomed round when the hazy blasts of winter pervade the atmosphere, beholds the languid Belle lolling in her chariot, secure from the pelting elements; envy unconsciously swells her bosom, and she exclaims "Alas! how happy are the favorites of fortune! and how pitiable and forlorn is my portion!" "Poor simple maiden! wish not to exchange thy lot in life; pant not for riches; they would strew thy path with thorns as well as roses: thou art a stranger to the anxieties and jealousies that agitate the votary of fashion; rather rejoice that thou canst't compass real enjoyment without the formality of etiquette, or the lassitude resulting from midnight festivities.

The individual who is oppressed by infirmity, but still retains a relish for the gaieties of life, when seeing the sprightly dance, or youthful convivialities, is angry he can no longer participate in them; but even youth and health are not exempt from care; it is then the impetuosity of passion is most liable to overcome inexperience: perhaps the countenance that dilates with mirth, conceals a heart that is agonized by stifled, or unrequited affection; and peace has forsaken the bosom. Is youth then in every

respect so enviable? If increasing years are most subject to corporeal sufferings, they surely are secure from distresses of the softer passions. The poor laborer, whose pittance barely procures sustenance for his family, views with wistful countenance the young heir of wealth, whose only care appears the pursuit of new pleasures. Ah! why envy his enjoyments? Though fostered in the arms of plenty, he never tasted the solid comforts thou knowest beside thy social hearth, when the toils of the day are past; feasting on every amusement, he feels an aching void which thy poverty never produces; and though still eager in the thirst for pleasure, it creates a satiety that the son of labor does not experience.

Various instances must daily transpire under our observation that, with a little reflection, would shew the folly of envy, and the impiousness of discontent. No individual, however high his station, is without a portion of bitter being dashed with the sweet; which is wisely ordained to check pride and presumption.

Fruit of the most tempting exterior is not always sound at the core; and although it is beyond the power of mortals to scrutinize the heart; yet no one's apparent happiness, or prosperity, should render us dissatisfied with our own condition.

Bridgewater.

C. B. S.

PERSIAN BON MOT.

A person in the train of the Persian ambassador, then resident in Poland, had received a blow from another; which affray occasioned some noise. Means were employed to pacify the Persian without dishonouring him, or punishing his adversary: the expedient was to persuade the Persian to say that he never had received the blow. The Persian replied to the person who proposed this compromise, "In Persia, we know neither liars nor clocks (meaning strikers)."

THE PEDESTRIAN ;

OR,

TALES OF THE TRAVELLER.

THOUGH I will not positively assert that I never envied any man the possession of an *equipage*, and though, if that jade *Fortune* had not shamefully jilted me, I should at this moment have been master of one; yet I will maintain that no man is so independent as him who is able to make his excursions on foot. The man who can transport himself from place to place, by the means with which Nature has kindly furnished him, is neither dependent upon the good constitution of his horses, nor the caprice of his coachman; in fact, he is at liberty to follow his own inclinations, and an inviting morning imperceptibly puts him in motion.

Unattracted by those ties which render the bulk of mankind *stationary*, and considering *exercise* as a most able physician, I have, by the assistance of a pair of excellent supporters, within the last five and twenty years, travelled over the greater part of England; and in the course of my pedestrinations met with some curious, and, I may add, *interesting adventures*. As my appearance does not convey the idea of *poverty* or *riches*, I am neither treated with *respect* nor *incivility* by my different landlords; and I walk into the different houses of entertainment I have been accustomed to frequent, during my various excursions, with the ease and familiarity of an old acquaintance. From the want of domestic society, I have acquired such a habit of taciturnity, that it is actually a fatigue to me to talk; in consequence of which, I have acquired the appellation of *The Dumb Gentleman*.

About three weeks have elapsed since I walked into a house of entertainment, which I have occasionally fre-

quented for the last twenty years, and taking up a newspaper, and ordering a bed to be prepared for me, seated myself in my landlady's little parlour. My attention was so completely attracted by the relation of one of those horrid murders which disgrace the country we inhabit, that I did not perceive a young female enter the apartment, until I was roused by my landlady exclaiming, "she cannot have it, I tell you, Miss; coffee, indeed! to be made at this time of night! truly, without a *sixpence to pay for it.*"

In a voice the most persuasive, the fair pleader again implored her sick mother might be indulged; adding, that she did not doubt but the Morning Post would bring the wished-for *letter*; which would enable her beloved parent to defray every expence she had incurred.

"A *fig for your letter,*" exclaimed the unfeeling woman, "have I not already waited a fortnight for it; and did I not send her up as nice a bason of tea half an hour ago as any lady of the land need wish to drink? yet now, forsooth, she must have coffee;—but I tell you, once for all, I won't make it for her."

Those tears which had with difficulty been suppressed whilst offering the petition, rapidly escaped their boundaries; and with a sigh which might have penetrated the most adamant bosom, she hastened from the apartment. By an impulse at once humane and delicate, I instantly followed the mourning fugitive; yet had I been going to offer a petition to the Sovereign of these kingdoms, I do not believe I should have felt so much embarrassment.

As the Great Teacher of religious and moral duties has taught us not to let our *left hand* know what our *right hand gives*, I shall merely inform my readers, that after apologizing for the liberty I was taking, my apology was received, and the coffee sent.

Though *fortune* had evidently dealt *niggardly* by this interesting young creature, *nature* had been peculiarly

lavish ; for a more perfect form, or a more lovely and interesting countenance, never was beheld. Her mode of receiving my proffered civility, rendered me the obliged party ; for *dignity* was so completely combined with *sweetness*, that I could not help feeling a degree of embarrassment whilst offering my services. Great as is my aversion to entering into conversation, yet the interest the fair unfortunate had excited was not to be repressed ; and having made myself responsible for the payment of the coffee, I enquired what untoward circumstance had reduced mother and daughter to such distress. " Why, Lord, Sir," exclaimed my landlady, " I thought every body in these parts had heard of the —— coach being overturned ; and the poor old gentlewoman for whom you ordered the coffee, happened to have a thigh broke. You may think, perhaps, Sir, it was very unfeeling in me to refuse sending up the coffee which Miss bespoke ; but, Lord bless your heart, if I was to give up to all her forgaries, I might be *messing*, or *cooking*, all the day long ; and I have never seen five shillings of their *money* since they first comed into my house."

Our conversation was at this moment interrupted by the arrival of a stage-coach ; the driver of which, upon entering the adjoining kitchen, said he had brought a little parcel from Portsmouth for a lady, directed to be left at the George. At this intelligence, the countenance of my landlady assumed a very different appearance ; and hastily snatching the parcel from the hand of the coachman, she rushed up stairs, exclaiming, " This will do poor Misses *heart good* !" Far different, however, was the effect produced by the sight of the parcel ; which was sealed by an emblem of melancholy intelligence ; and scarcely had the agitated Matilda torn the envelope from it, when a shriek of horror escaped her lips.

Attracted by the sound, I rushed into the apartment from whence it issued ; and beheld a sight which harrowed up every feeling of my breast ; the afflicted fair one was

supported in the arms of our landlady; whilst the letter which had conveyed some appalling intelligence, had fallen from her palsied hands, and laid upon the carpet. Affecting as was the object which first attracted my observation, yet, upon directing my eyes towards the bed, I was still more distressed; for never had I beheld piety, affliction, and resignation, so forcibly impressed upon the human countenance. The hands of the unfortunate female were clasped and elevated, whilst her eyes were directed towards the throne of the Great Omnipotent;—and though horror-struck by the shriek which had attracted me to the apartment, she was ignorant of the calamity which had occasioned it.

By the aid of *water, air, and volatiles*, the unhappy Matilda was restored to that sensibility which made her more acutely feel the severity of that misfortune which had so unexpectedly occurred; and clasping her hands together, in a tone of agony, she emphatically exclaimed, "*Oh! my beloved brother!*"

"Great God! enable me to sustain this unlooked-for calamity?" *sighed*, or rather *groaned out*, the afflicted mother; "but in mercy, Sir," she added, directing her tearful eyes towards me, "explain the nature of that misfortune we are doomed to encounter." At this appeal to my humanity, I picked up the fatal letter which had produced such a penetrating shriek from the agonized Matilda; who, placing her hand upon my arm, exclaimed, "Not yet;—not yet, I implore you.—In pity do not read it to my beloved mother."

"That Being, my beloved child, who for wise reasons has thought proper to afflict me," *sighed out* the resigned sufferer, "will, I trust, enable me to sustain the stroke. But suspense like what I have endured for the last ten minutes, is intolerable. Read then the letter, I beseech you, Sir."

That I was destined to wound the heart of a being whom misfortune had already afflicted, was evident by the

effect which the epistle had produced upon Matilda; and though I endeavoured to sum up all the fortitude I was master of, my frame actually trembled, and my voice faltered; for, previous to utterance, I glanced my eyes over the appalling letter; the contents of which were as follow:

"I am truly distressed, dear Madam, that the friendship which has so long subsisted between your brother and myself should be called forth upon such a melancholy occasion; but aware that you were in daily, and even hourly, expectation of seeing, or hearing from him, I was convinced that disappointment would impel you to examine the papers; and to soften, in some degree, the shock which, in that case, must have awaited you, I take upon myself a most painful office.

"Allow me to inform you, Madam, that for the last twelve years of our lives, your excellent brother and myself have been shipmates; in fact, the friendship which subsisted between us might be compared to that of Jonathan and David's; for we had one heart, one soul, and one interest; and I have the happiness to assure you, my purse was ever open to my friend. This assurance, my dear Madam, will, I trust, prevent you, and your excellent mother, from permitting any scruples of delicacy to prevent you from accepting any pecuniary assistance; for I am perfectly acquainted with those trials you have recently been destined to encounter; and it was with my aid that your excellent brother indulged the hope of surmounting those difficulties. With the intention, my dear Madam, of diminishing your filial anxieties for the fate of a mother whom, I understand, you have so much reason to love and respect, our poor Edward obtained leave of absence from his Captain, and was in the very act of leaving the ship, when his foot either slipped, or the plank tilted; be that as it may, he sunk, and all human efforts were vain to save him.

"I have now, my dear Madam, fulfilled a task more

painful than the power of language is able to express ; and allow me to say, I should have been the conveyer of this distressing intelligence, had I not been desirous of paying the last sad duty to the body of my deceased friend ; but, when once it is performed, I shall fly to the assistance of your respected mother with sensations bordering upon filial obedience."

Vain would be all attempts to describe the effect produced by the preceding letter ; for the sympathetic mind can more easily imagine it ; but whilst the grief of Matilda burst forth in the most violent expressions of sorrow, that of her suffering parent was dignified by silence.

Though I had merely intended to sleep at the inn, and quit it at an early hour on the following morning, yet I felt too deeply interested in the fate of these unfortunate females to leave it without either rendering some essential assistance to them, or seeing them placed under the protection of some being who possessed the power and inclination of serving them. At an early hour on the following morning, I was roused by my landlady's informing me, that the gentleman who had sent the parcel to Miss M—— had just arrived in a chaise-and-four ; and having been informed, by my communicative hostess, I had interested myself in the fate of these unfortunates, he expressed a desire of conversing with me, before his arrival was announced.

The appearance of this young stranger was at once elegant and prepossessing ; he apologized for the liberty he had taken, by saying he understood I had been serviceable to Mrs. M—— and her daughter ; concluding by entreating me to introduce him to them as the intimate friend of him whose death they had so much reason to deplore. From this ingenuous young officer, I discovered that Mrs. M—— had offended her family by marrying contrary to their wishes and views ; in consequence of which, she had little more than a lieutenant's widow's pension to subsist upon.

Her husband died before the youthful Edward had completed his twelfth year ; but as the propensity of the father seemed to have descended to his offspring, the navy was the only profession of which he would hear. This promising young officer, I discovered, from the narrator of his simple history, had been absent from his family nearly four years ; and being in a delicate state of health, his anxious mother could not resist the maternal impulse of visiting him in Port ; indulging the hope that the prize-money due to his gallant exertions would allow her to gratify her inclinations.

That the coach which was to convey this fond parent to Portsmouth was overturned, my readers already know ; but, alas ! poor Mrs. M——'s misfortune did not end with a broken bone ; for the little trunk which contained the few pounds which was to defray the travelling expences of herself and daughter, in the confusion, occasioned by the accident, was either stolen, or lost ; and they were compelled to submit to the insults of their unfeeling landlady, until they could receive remittances from Portsmouth.

Though piety, and resignation to the will of that Being who disposes all events which happen in this world, induced the attached mother of the ill-fated Edward to bear the afflicting calamity which had befallen her with an appearance of composure ; yet so debilitated was her frame by suffering, and so poignantly did she feel the loss of her beloved son, that when I entered the apartment to announce the arrival of the Honourable Mr. Pelham (which was the name of that son's bosom companion), I perceived that death had aimed an unerring arrow at the hapless Mrs. M——'s bosom.

Language would in vain attempt to do justice to the interview which followed ; and callous must have been the heart which was not deeply affected by it ; for my part, gentle reader, rather than encounter such another, I would voluntarily undertake to walk over the Alps.

Eager were the enquiries which the anxious mother made respecting the spot which entombed the form of her beloved child ; and hearing it was not more than five-and-twenty miles distant, she exclaimed, " Oh ! that I might but enjoy the thought of being buried by his side."

" Talk not of dying, I implore you, my dear, my beloved mother," said the agonized Matilda, throwing herself on her knees by the bed-side. " I must deceive you no longer, my child," rejoined Mrs. M——, in feeble accents; " but to whom am I to entrust a being far dearer to me than life? Great God!" she added, " what are the pangs of dying compared to the thought of leaving you, my child?" " Deign to make me her protector; sanction an engagement which, as if in the presence of the Omnipotent, I swear most solemnly to maintain," exclaimed the deeply affected Pelham, whilst tears of sympathy rapidly coursed each other down his manly face.

The dying Mrs. M—— for some moments gazed anxiously upon the countenance of her beloved child; then gently drawing her towards her palpitating bosom, she said a few words in a whispering voice; then taking her hand, she placed it in that of Pelham's, who, from the moment he had entreated to become the protector of the hapless Matilda, had remained kneeling at the bed-side. " As you fulfil the sacred trust at this awful moment committed to you," said the expiring parent of Matilda, in a tremulous tone of voice, " may that Eye who now witnesses the contract, bless you through every period of life!" Here she paused; exhausted nature had made its last exertion; and her spotless spirit took its flight.

I caught the fainting Matilda in my arms, and carried her into an adjoining chamber, into which I was followed by my landlady; who, no longer fearful of not being rewarded for her trouble, was all attention and civility.

Though I had witnessed the sacred engagement into which Pelham had voluntarily entered, yet the impropriety of a young female being left without any of her own

sex to console or comfort her, instantly occurred to my mind; and recollecting that the widow of a clergyman resided within the distance of five miles, I resolved to walk thither, and, if possible, bring her with me. Scarcely had I related my mournful tale to this exemplary woman, when she proposed accompanying me, and offering her house as an asylum to the unfortunate Matilda, whose sorrows excited the tenderest sympathy. From a mixture of respect and affection to the memory of her deceased parent, we found it impossible to persuade this amiable young woman to quit the spot which contained a form so beloved, until it was removed to be interred; yet when Pelham and myself followed it to the place where her son had a few days before been buried, Matilda accompanied Mrs. Clavering to her hospitable home.

During our slow and melancholy journey, my ingenious companion informed me he was attached to Matilda even before he beheld her charms; as from the confidence which had subsisted between himself and her brother, he had formed the most favourable opinion of her disposition from her letters; adding, that as his parents were dead and his fortune independent, he was at liberty to follow his inclinations.

Having performed the last sad duty of friendship to the mother of the lovely Matilda, at the request of Mr. Pelham, I accompanied him to her new abode; when, with ardour unfeigned, he implored her to give him a legal claim to prove the fervency of his regard. Withheld, however, by those scruples which a delicate mind could not avoid feeling, Matilda has refused to become his wife for the space of six months; not only alleging as a reason the recent loss of her nearest connexion, but the dread that Pelham should repent having entered into such a serious engagement.

Though I combined my persuasive powers with those of the impatient lover, yet as the reasons Matilda assigned Mrs. Clavering highly approved, it is decreed that the

lovely orphan shall remain under that excellent woman's protection during the ensuing six months. Pelham, previous to becoming Benedict, is to resign his commission; and I have undertaken to arrange the deceased's concerns.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Content if *here*, th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew;
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame:
Averse alike to flatter or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

POPE.

LETTERS to a YOUNG LADY, by MRS. WEST,
in Three Volumes. London, Longman and Co.

To point out with ingenious and impartial criticism such works as have a tendency either to confirm the character, influence the taste, advance the instruction, or promote the amusement, of the fair sex, has always been considered by us a duty of the greatest importance. That this duty has been uniformly discharged with equal ability, we are not disposed to assert; the change of conductors which this Miscellany has experienced during the last Series, will account for the want of consistency. In the commencement, however, of an *Improved Series*, we should consider ourselves remiss in not stating, that it will be our constant and unremitting study to conduct this department of our work in a style which, we trust, will effectually silence any imputation of *Partiality*, *Negligence*, or *Inability*, which may be levelled against us.

In selecting a work for our present Review, we have

been influenced more by importance of subject, and merit of execution, than by recency of publication. Mrs. West's Letters to a Young Lady are, we doubt not, in the hands of many of our Readers; it is, however, a work where

“Indoctæ discant et ament meminisse peritæ.”

“——— th' unlearn'd their wants may view,

“The learn'd reflect on what before they knew.”

There are few female Authors of the present day to whom we are more indebted than to Mrs. West. Among her numerous publications, there is, perhaps, no one more deserving the attention of females in general than the one under consideration. The duties and character of Women, in the several ranks of life, are here placed in the clearest and most appropriate light. The visionary systems supported by Mary Wolstonecraft, and the favorers of Liberty and Equality, are justly censured; the fallacy of their arguments exposed; and the pernicious tendency of their principles explained. “The bane and antidote are both placed before us;” the mischief that would be experienced in such crooked ways is successfully contrasted by the present and future happiness to be found in the pleasant and peaceful paths of Religion. The taste for luxury and expence, too prevalent among us, is ingeniously and forcibly condemned.

“With what propriety do we complain of the state of dependence in which God and the laws of our country have placed us, when we render ourselves infinitely more helpless, more destitute (shall we not say more servile and despicable?) by deserting our proper sphere, by neglecting the useful duties that we might perform, by sacrificing the interest and the affections of our families, not to be even an object of admiration, distinguished for elegant frivolity and expensive nothingness; but for the sake of starting in a crowd to run the race of folly, of echoing a forged tale of happiness and splendour, which has been too often told to be even specious?”

The advice to Mothers is extremely good.

“ Compassionating the claims of those numerous young women, who found their expectation of being supported on their total inability of helping themselves, I would advise, by way of experiment, that some few mothers would show a wish of furnishing the next generation with *wives*, by cultivating those qualities in their daughters which will prevent them from being converted into *mistresses*.”

With no passage were we more pleased than with the following

“ In our progress from the cradle to the grave, successive duties, adapted to our different powers, crowd upon our attention. The first tasks which filial duty requires are affection and obedience, which often compel us to participate in the sorrows and labours of our parents, before we feel, from our own particular distresses, “that man is born to woe.” While attending on the sick-bed to which fraternal affection has chained us, or while watching the languid couch of the source of our life with all the anxious observance of ready diligence, we gather that experience, and imbibe those habits of tenderness and patience, which in riper years we are required to exercise in our own families. During the short reign of beauty (or, to adopt a language more universally just, while courtship gives a seeming pre-eminence), discretion teaches us a cautious use of power, especially over him whom we propose to select as the *arbiter* of our future lot. And when the awful marriage contract removes us from acting a subordinate part in the family of our parents, and fixes us as vicegerents of our husband's household, we enter upon the most extended circle in which (generally speaking) Providence designed us to move. Nor is that circle so circumscribed as to give cause to the most active mind to complain of want of employment; the duties that it requires are of such hourly, such momentary recurrence, that the impropriety of our engaging in public concerns becomes evident, from the consequent unavoidable neglect of our immediate affairs. A man, in most situations of life, may so arrange his private business, as to be able to attend the important calls of patriotism or





London Fashions for January.

Published by L.W.H. Byrne, January 1st 1865.

public spirit; but the presence of a woman in her own family is always so salutary, that she is not justified in withdrawing her attention from home, except in some call of plain positive duty."

We regret that our limits prevent us from following our Author step by step. Highly as we approve the work, we think the dark side of things has been too much sought after; the effect produced on young minds by such a representation is not always answerable to the expectation. We must also be allowed to remark, that we consider the work *sufficiently voluminous*; and in parts too digressive. Subjects of a didactic, or instructive kind, particularly those addressed to youth, cannot, we conceive, be too concisely treated. Dr. Gregory's Legacy, and Mrs. Chapone's Letters, publications justly in high estimation, we adduce in confirmation of our opinion.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR JANUARY, 1815.

EVENING DRESS.

A Crimson Velvet Body, with a frill *a-la Parisien*; Sleeves slashed with White Satin; White Lace Train over a White Satin Slip. Hair full curled behind, with a small bunch of Flowers in front. Shoes and Gloves of White Kid. A long Indian Shawl, carelessly thrown over the shoulders, completes this tasteful and becoming dress.

MORNING DRESS.

White cambric high Gown; Pelisse of Fawn Coloured Kerseymere, lined with Sky Blue Silk, with Blue Epau-lets; Hat and Feather to correspond; Gloves of light blue; Boots, same colour as the Pelisse; White Swans-down Muff.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot sufficiently express our thanks to the *gifted* Author of the *Traveller's Return* for the permission given us to insert his *beautiful* poem. We regret that we are *not at liberty* to mention a *name* that would confer honor on our work.

It is with pleasure we acknowledge our great obligations to an *unknown* Correspondent for enriching the present Number with a variety of valuable Contributions;—we beg to assure him, they are not the *less* acceptable for being *occasionally* well seasoned with *attic* salt.

The Monitress, The Winter Visit, The Busy Body, Iniquity, and other articles, will meet with due attention.

We have too much respect for the Favours of Mr. H. FINN to treat any of them with neglect;—his Poem on PEACE shall appear in our next.

The sentiments contained in OSCAR's Note, which are alike honourable to his heart and head, shall, on the first occasion, be communicated to ORA. Tho' of late, from whatever cause, the strains of OSCAR have breathed a melancholy air, there are many of our Readers, who, with ourselves, will sympathize in his feelings, while they rejoice that he has returned with renewed ardour to his mental pursuits.

Several Poems are delayed for want of room.

At the suggestion of "a Friend," we intend to give THE MONTHLY RETROSPECT, to commence next month, in the FRENCH LANGUAGE; and have no doubt of its being generally approved by our Readers.

A more than ordinary quantity of matter having been received for the IMPROVED SERIES, several Contributions intended for this Number are necessarily postponed.

We beg to thank Mr. J. M. B. for the Music he has done us the favour to send.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN.

THE ARGUMENT.

After an absence of twelve years in India, the Traveller returns to England ;
his description of his Native Village ; Retrospections and Reflections.

THE wretched Negro, from his country torn,
In distant isles, to labor and to mourn,
Scarce greater transport knows, should fate restore
His long lost freedom, and his native shore,
Than fills my breast, as I again survey
Yon vales, now painted by departing day :
Thy vales, sweet Wooburne, in whose fragrant bow'rs
My childhood stray'd, and cropp'd the vernal flow'rs.

Hail, blest Retreat ! no iron hand is seen
To crush thy bow'rs, and desolate thy green,
Fair smile the vales, the wild flow'r sweetly blows,
And charms the wand'rer's bosom to repose.
Thrice happy Britain ! while each neighb'ring state,
Lies bath'd in blood, beneath the sword of fate ;
Laments her kings depos'd, her nobles chain'd,
Her subjects slaughter'd, and her rights profan'd ;
No hostile banner frights *thy* favor'd plains,
Thy laws uninjur'd, and untouch'd thy fanes.

Hail, blest Retreat ! tho' many a spring hath smil'd,
Since last I wander'd in thy woodwalks wild,
Still ev'ry scene, recall'd by magic power,
Proclaims my absence but a transient hour,

The blossom'd hedges and the stile between,
The ragged copse, the variegated green,
The rustic bridge, the willow bosom'd rill,
The low, white cottage, and the distant hill;
Each object calls a season to my view,
When rapture sung in every breeze that blew;
Now Memory sighs, o'er fallen Pleasure's urn,
For, ah ! that season never shall return.

Where yon old hawthorn rises o'er the vale,
And flings her fragrance on the passing gale,
The village children often have I seen,
At eve, as now, disporting on the green.
Then was I blithe and innocent as they ;
But childhood's flow'rs soon droop'd in reason's ray ;
Too soon their place usurp'd the thorns of care ;
Grief's deadly nightshade, poppies of despair.

Blest, thoughtless race ! should heaven enlarge your view,
These joys were transient as the morning dew.
O'er you, e'en now, malignant fate appears,
For ev'ry smile to draw a thousand tears.
You in their chains, revenge and hate shall bind,
And all the furious demons of the mind ;
Or pain and penury shall blast your bloom,
Or sickness hasten to an early tomb.
These bold and young, 'mid hope's delusive reign,
Shall bleed in fight, or perish on the main ;
While those, like Albert, must for ever roam,
Far from their humble friends, their humble home.
Oft to yon poplars, at the close of day,
The peasants flock'd to hear old Albert's lay.
Unhappy wand'rer ! while he tun'd his lyre
To notes of festive joy, or soft desire,
Down his wan cheek, the piteous tear that stole
Confess'd the secret sorrows of his soul.
The vine-clad cot for him no children raise,
Nor fondly cherish his declining days ;
Sad and forlorn his dog, his only friend,
Thro' want, thro' toil, he journeys to his end ;

Nor with his fathers shall the minstrel rest,
When Death hath hush'd the sorrows of his breast.

Yet heavier far were poor Maria's woes,
Whose bones in yon unhallow'd grave repose,
Pure as the opening blossom of the thorn,
She once could carol blithely to the morn;
And still had caroll'd; but a villain came,
And meanly stole her virtue and her fame.
Pale as the primrose, withering on the waste,
O'erwhelm'd with grief, forsaken and disgrac'd,
She dar'd, unhappy girl! to break the rod,
And seek uncall'd the presence of her God;
Ah, deed accurst! no hallow'd rites were paid,
No dirges chanted to her gloomy shade:
Whene'er her grave appears, the babe is prest
Close and still closer to it's mother's breast;
And oft the hind hath fancy'd as he pass'd
A spirit moaning in the midnight blast.
Hail, beauteous village! hail, belov'd retreat;
Of health and sweet simplicity the seat.
Blest are thy swains; nor let the great disdain
The rude, untutor'd children of the plain.
Bright were the days; but, ah! too soon they fail'd,
When rural manners thro' the world prevail'd.
Thron'd on the flowery turf, to pomp unknown,
A crook his sceptre, and a wreath his crown,
Wheree'er the oak her giant arms display'd,
The shepherd king his harmless people sway'd.
Not yet mankind, unceasing crimes alarm'd,
Unknown were laws, and Justice slept unarm'd.
Then Nature reign'd, and bade the wand'ring show'rs
Adorn her triumph with perpetual flowers.
No virgin then fear'd man's seducing wiles,
No youth found treachery in the virgin's smiles;
In meads for ever green, for ever gay,
They led their flocks, as innocent as they;
Seraphic strains were heard in ev'ry grove,
And all was virtue, harmony, and love.
Thrice happy age, e'er curst deceit began,
When God convers'd, and Angels dwelt with man;

But soon Ambition bade proud cities rise,
 And rear'd the battled turrets to the skies;
 Then from the crouded plain, the virtues fled,
 And arts luxurious reign'd in nature's stead;
 Refinement rose, and Commerce taught her sails
 To mock the menace of the raving gales.
 But soon man mourn'd peace ill exchang'd for gain;
 And vainly sigh'd for nature's happier reign;
 E'er sire of treach'ry, avarice had birth,
 Or mutual confidence forsook the earth;
 Ere yet the beasts to woods and caverns ran,
 To hide their offspring from the murderer man
 Or forests trembled, hearing from afar
 The clarion thunder to the dogs of war.

(*To be continued.*)

REFLECTIONS

In the Death-chamber of a revered Parent.

HAIL! honour'd dust!—lo! prostrate on thy bier;
 My full heart yearns to drop the filial tear!
 O'er that pale corse to cast one ling'ring view,
 And sooth its anguish in a last adieu!
 Th' insatiate grave rebukes e'en this delay,
 And yawns impatient for its destin'd prey!
 Yet, ere he folds thee in his cold embrace,
 Let me once more those much lov'd features trace,
 Muse o'er each scene for ever lost to me,
 And give one fleeting hour to sorrow and to thee!

How chang'd in death thy mould'ring relics lie!
 Hush'd the mild voice, and dim the speaking eye!
 Snatch'd from the splendours of the recent day,
 To glut the worm and mingle with the clay!
 Drear is the night that shrouds thy drooping head,
 And cold the slumbers of thy narrow bed!
 Still art thou dear, wan Image of my Sire!
 And these lov'd traits some wonted joy inspire;

E'en thus transform'd, the fond Resemblance cheers
My drooping heart, and checks my flowing tears !
Stern Death, half-won our sorrows to beguile,
In pity left this shadow of thy smile ;
Sweetly it gleams around thy darken'd form,
Like the pale beam that gilds the midnight storm !

Hark ! from yon spire, the dirge resounding bell
Tolls on the breeze its melancholy knell !
Cold through my veins it darts a shudd'ring pang,
And my heart vibrates to each pond'rous clang !
Big from my breast ascends the lab'ring sigh,
And my sick mind half forms the wish to die !
Down the broad skies, in pensive grandeur, pale,
Descending Ev'ning spreads her twilight veil.
'Tis silence all ! save when, with mournful sound,
The wild winds fling their hollow moanings round ;
Distemper'd Fancy conjures to my view
Unearthly visions of sepulchral hue ;
Lo ! where the moon-beam slumbers on the wall,
What more than mortal shadows seem to fall !
Pale Superstition trembling hears, aghast,
Mysterious murmurs sigh in ev'ry blast,
And fearful traces thro' the gath'ring gloom
The dark, dim wand'ers of the silent tomb !
Drear and more drear the kindred horrors grow,
Condense and deepen with my deep'ning woe !
Pomps of the World ! receive your last farewell,
Far from this sad, this care-worn breast to dwell !
The gay, tumultuous dream at length is o'er,
And your false splendours charm my heart no more.
The blooming joys that grac'd your soft controul,
Pall on my sense, and wither in my Soul !
Impetuous Grief disdains your harlot wiles,
And turns abhorrent from your treach'rons smiles ;
Death sits supreme in all his with'ring pow'r,
And reigns triumphant o'er the joyless hour !
Come Retrospection, wand'rer unconfin'd !
Guide the lone musings of my pensive mind ;

Thou still remain'st to sooth each writhing smart,
And hush the throbbings of this wounded heart !
Lo ! many a charm glints forth in mild array,
That deck'd the flight of many a jocund day ;
Life's gentle stream unruffled roll'd along,
Romantic vales and fairy bow'rs among,
Till Fate's chill blast, commission'd to destroy,
Howl'd o'er the tranquil current of my joy !

Whate'er of good adorn'd the valu'd dead,
Now brighter blooms ;—the ill, for ever fled !
Lock'd in the heart each gentle deed survives,
And kindling grace from mem'ry's aid derives ;
But ah ! stern grief, ingenious to offend,
Relentless bids each gloomier thought attend ;
Conscience, dread pow'r ! inexorably just,
Like the fierce watch-dog guards his sacred trust !
Unveils each act unfilial, to the sight,
And drags each black ingratitude to light !
Each wayward fault a giant-form uprears,
That darkling frowns athwart the lapse of years ;
Deep in my breast the woe-fraught tempest lours,
And, with rude burly, shakes my sickn'ing pow'rs !
O ever tender, generous, and mild !
Forgive the errors of thy weeping child !
If e'er, in headstrong passion's blind career,
He wak'd one sigh, or drew one anguish'd tear,
If e'er against thy mild coercion strove,
Or spurn'd the counsels of parental love,
O let each pang, deep-felt ! the guilt atone,
Accept this tear, this penitential groan !

If thy rapt spirit, from the fields of air,
O'er thy lov'd offspring still extend its care,
If, radiant Seraph ! to thy pray'r be giv'n
Still to direct us in our path to Heav'n ;
O bid our minds with wholesome precepts glow,
And sacred wisdom in our hearts o'erflow ;
Teach us to shun false pleasure's syren lay,
Dash from our lips her poison'd cup away !

Forbid our feet to press her myrtle bow'rs,
Or rouse the asp that slumbers 'mid her flow'rs!
But teach, oh! teach us, in this jarring strife,
To trace thy footsteps in the walks of life;
Our youthful breasts with noble thirst inspire,
To cull the virtue that adorn'd our sire!
Devout, yet cheerful; suffering, yet resign'd;
Tho' tempted, honest; and tho' injur'd, kind;—
With hand and heart, well-practis'd to obey
The charity that shun'd the glare of day;
With social mind, by gen'rous feeling blest,
That shar'd the sorrows of each wounded breast,
Skill'd the rude pangs of mis'ry to beguile,
And o'er his cheek recall the banish'd smile;—
Such was the man to peaceful virtue dear,
Who claims the passing tribute of a tear!
And, if new laurels yet await the dead,
To weave their green wreath round his sacred head,
A host of virtues still unclaim'd attend,
That mark'd the Husband, Father, and the Friend!
Whate'er gives worth or dignity to man,
Conspir'd to gild his bright but transient span!

But, mournful thought! of all this shining lore,
This pomp of virtues, which so late he bore,
What now remains to sooth the anguish'd mind,
And heal the bleeding bosoms left behind!
Clos'd are those eyes that oft, in secret pray'r,
Stream'd up to heav'n with all a Father's care!
And foul corruption steals with silent pace
O'er the deep furrows of that rev'rend face!
No more, alas! around the cheerful fire,
With hearts which love and social mirth inspire,
Pleas'd shall thy children wake the artless song;
Or, with gay dance, the festive hour prolong;
No more with fond, attentive ear, approve
The sage instructions of paternal love!
These halcyon joys have set in endless gloom,
But mem'ry decks them with eternal bloom;

Each circling year shall view them brighter glow,
And o'er the past a mellow tint bestow !

Oh ! had I pow'r to break thy icy chain,
And call thy spirit to its haunt again ;
Back to its mansion drag the truant breath,
And, with loud trump, dissolve the sleep of death !
To bid these limbs with pristine vigour ply,
And pour new lustre o'er the rayless eye !
But, futile wish ! death mocks the idle pray'r,
And gives my wailings to the reckless air !
Behold I'll weave a willow-wreath for me,
Of scions parted from their parent-tree,
For low he lies ! in breathless slumber here,
Deaf to the sob, and heedless of the tear !
A bloodless chill hangs o'er his dear remains,
Cold as the snows on Sibir's frozen plains !
'Tis mine to bid the streams of anguish flow,
And brood in silence o'er my cureless woe ;
To pace full oft yon minster's Saxon gloom,
To where the yew-tree shades his lonely tomb,
Till, with sad pomp, its dark funereal crest
Wave its dun foliage o'er our mutual rest !

But, ah ! refrain ! nor thus by passion driv'n,
Upbraid the righteous Providence of heav'n !
How oft does good on seeming ill await,
And Angel-mercy guide the shaft of fate ;
Shall the dull worm arraign heav'n's wond'rous plan,
And its dark folds and devious windings scan ?
Blindness, forbear ! one ray of light implore,
Bend to the dust ;—be patient, and adore !

True—'neath the pall, my gentle Parent lies,
And death's cold slumbers settle o'er his eyes !
True—these weak arms have strain'd their last embrace,
And my last gaze expir'd upon his face,
While now my tears and broken sighs attend,
In speechless woe, my Father and my Friend ;—
Yet, gracious heav'n ! I kiss thy awful rod,
And own the mercies of a pitying God !

Loos'd from the bondage of these dreary shores,
Wak'd to new birth, his radiant spirit soars ;
And, on bright car of billowy clouds reclin'd,
Mounts the broad concave, courser'd by the wind !
Pain, sorrow, sickness, long endur'd before,
Shall waste his form, and wound his breast no more !

Meanwhile, fair Peace, her olive-wand extends,
And her soft Dove on healing wing descends ;
And Hope, encompass'd by her purest ray,
Rolls the black tempest of my griefs away :
Prompt at their call, a brighter scene appears,
Thro' the still dream of yet unawaken'd years !
With prophet view my searching glance descries
My angel parent cleave the golden skies ;
'Mid the thick gloom my falt'ring steps sustain,
That darkling trod this wilderness of pain ;
Teach me unskill'd, each hidden snare to shun,
And breathe new strength my distin'd race to run :
His presence guards me thro' the dark profound,
Where dangers prowl, and horrors deepen round ;
Nor yet forsakes me when, with lab'ring breath,
O'erspent I press the shadowy vale of death !
There, his soft smile irradiates the gloom
That hovers, dreary, o'er the joyless tomb !
Calms my sad heart, by doubt and terror riv'n,
And cheers my soul with op'ning gleams of heav'n.
To speed my flight in silv'ry tones he calls,
Soft as from harps descend the dying falls !
On his bright form my fading orbs recline,
While Hope dares whisper such may soon be mine ;
Till o'er the vision soft my eye-lids close,
And sweet oblivion wraps my bleeding woes !

ALPHONSO.

SONNET.

Darker and darker yet my length'ning years
 Speed their dull course; and still my natal day
 Comes mournful on, shedding repentant tears
 For slighted hours that unimproved away
 Stole like the wind;—and grieving much that still
 Ungentle fortune wrongs me, and destroys
 With usage strange, and undeserved ill,
 Each little remnant of my humbler joys,
 That now, when fancy's idle dreams are fled,
 I yet had hoped might sooth me;—but, alas!
 Forlorn and cheerless is the road I tread,
 And none do smile upon me as I pass,
 Nor bid me hail; and quick the drooping sun
 Fades in the cloudy west, 'ere half my journey done.

* * * * *

SONNET.

ON HEARING THE EOLIAN HARP.

BY J. M. LACEY.

Wild as the wind that sweeps along the sky
 Are all thy tones, and sweet as they are wild;
 Loud now they rise, and now they gently die,
 In cadences all mournful, yet all mild.
 To minds like mine 'tis dear to think thy strings
 Are struck but by some viewless, Angel form;
 For sure 'tis thus immortal music springs
 High on the breezy bosom of the storm.
 Oh! I have listen'd till each thought had fled
 Of earth's affairs;—all, all, but cherish'd love;
 I seem'd to commune with the mighty dead;
 I seem'd to hear the songs of worlds above;
 The breathings of some spirit, long set free,
 The lays of heav'nly love, and immortality!





W. M. Cruik, pinse.

Hopwood, sculp.

Miss O'Neill,
Of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

Published by T. W. H. Hooper, Feb. 1, 1825.